

Saturday Night

by Selim

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Summary: Toothless has a problem - a big one. About to enter his last year of school, it occurs to him he's the only virgin in his class. In hopes to rectify that, he stumbled upon a number for a prostitute. One night is never so easy. ToothlessSlut?Hiccup

1. Chapter 1

Saturday Night

>By: Selim
Rating: M+

>Summary: Toothless has a problem - a big one. About to enter his last year of school, it occurs to him he's the only virgin in his class. In hopes to rectify that, he stumbled upon a number for a prostitute. One night is never so easy.
Pairings:

Human-Toothless/slut?Hiccup

>Warnings: Language, situations, and themes.<p>

Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon. This is a piece of fiction and the author is making no monetary gain off its creation.

Additional notes: Yes, I have 2 other fics to write. I'm hoping to wean myself back into writing by starting a new story. Work with me on this, it took a year but I finally only have 1 report left to write for work so I can start fanfiction writing again. Anyway, once upon a time Loti-Miko asked if I would ever do a High School fic. At the time, I said no because I haven't been in high school in... years and the rules have changed and vary by country. Well, I did one.

Berk is a high-bred of multiple countries education system. At 15 students apply to attend what's called "college" or a high school. It has 3 years that focus on career planning before students move on to University of their choices. Not everyone attending Berk Academy (The Private School) will make it to third year. The school selects only 100 students of each year to attend the final year. Those who don't

make it move back to the public school.

* * *

><p>That is one sexy man.

Running his comb through his hair one last time to give the spikes the right amount of lift, Toothless flashed a white smile at his reflection.

It was so hard to have some form of individuality at this school. As one of the more prestigious in the country, the teachers were sticklers to the rules in regulation of the correct uniform and most likely the other students would be caught even with spiked hair. Toothless, however, would get away with it. He hid in just the right shadows to be forgotten by the teaching staff. It didn't mean that he could get away with breaking every meaningless rule he reasoned as he fixed his collar one last time.

Berk Academy was known to only send out the best students to college. Its earlier years were crowded with students, hundreds that came from surrounding towns for a chance to be one of the prestigious few. By third year, when The Interviews were made, it dropped down to a select 100 students, the brightest (and richest) of minds that would be marketed off to the finest of Universities, the main one being Berk's Professional University.

Toothless had worked hard to get into the school, two years ago. Unlike a large number of his classmates, he wasn't born with money or a pedigree. His father owned a local business that had been doing fairly well the last ten years. His mother worked her tail off at the local hospital, neither of which came from anything more than a farming lifestyle themselves. The chance to become something and help his parent's financially was always in the back of his mind when he took the school entrance exam. When he made it into the high percentile of his peers, earning a full scholarship to the school, it had only meant he worked harder than his peers to stay there.

The moment he'd walked through the doors, his classmate's had smelt the poor. He was written off as the nerdy Toothless, never one to go out partying, always studying. He had to work shifts on the weekends to have spending money and skipped school holidays to save extra cash for University. They knew what he was and none of them liked him for it.

He earned this placement. They had purchased it with daddy's money.

Tossing his bag over his shoulder, he moved out to the crowded halls, mindful of the jagged shoulders that pressed into his form, the shuffle of peers talking about their weekends and latest purchases. The self-esteem he built up only seconds before deflated again as he mounted the stair case leading to the second years. Two steps ahead, bag thrown over his shoulder, Snotlout chortled with laughter as his pretty girlfriend leaned heavily into his side.

Slipping past them, he moved through the wide double doors, towards the open lecture hall that was his Registration. Snotlout was already settled in his seat up front near the window, gazing out at the birds with hopeless abandonment. Settling next to his only friend,

Toothless shuffled through his bag. "I hate him."

"Hm?" Meatlug craned his neck. The meaty folds of his second chin were already accumulating with sweat, Toothless noted absently. It would only be a moment before-

Coming into the classroom, Snotlout tugged his nose back and made high pitch snorting sounds at the two. With a groan, the chubbier man glanced back at the window. "Not much you can do. He's popular, you're, well, you." He tucked his hands under his chin. "We got a few more weeks until The Interviews. Maybe the school will see how much a prick he is and send him packing? Or maybe a few wrong answers and we can go somewhere else."

Toothless shielded a glance back at Snotlout.

The tall, bulky man had been the biggest bully of Berk Academy. There was no question to how he was secured entrance into the school, he'd let everyone know he had come from money since day one. Apparently he had several family members in high-end positions at Haddock Industries, including the CEO. Toothless couldn't help but feel some resentment towards the man. Even with the financial security, the boy had enough smarts to be in the upper percentile of his classes (although Toothless' scores were still better) and was blessed with athletic skill. He always had some girl on his elbow as well, not that Toothless cared.

"Just don't let him get to you," Meatlug continued absently, "He's not worth your time. Anyway, do you have the maths workbook? I totally crashed last night after watching Dragons and Men and if I miss another assignment, I'll lose my car for two months."

Handing his book over, Toothless leaned on his arm and watched the students fill the classroom. Each one in a group of his or her own, no one paying mind to the two outcasts in the corner. So many students, Toothless noted, and none of which he was close to. It hadn't occurred to him until he grabbed his bag for school a week before that he had no friends. He'd focused so much time on his studies, even his roommate had disappeared into an unfamiliar blur of red hair.

He only had three months to fix that. He didn't want to go to his third year without friends. Hell, he didn't want to go without at least a girlfriend.

There were at least thirty girls in his Registration. Of these, at least twenty-three of the girls were dating someone else in the school; he'd observed each with significant others from the canteen to the common rooms, catching the whispers of gossip while moving through the mental list of names of potential girls.

"You going to the Wandering Oar tonight?" Meatlug asked, glancing over the rim of his glasses at the door to ensure he wouldn't be caught copying his homework. "They're having a last meeting before Spring Meet, getting some drinks, hanging with friends, then go home. Come back for final test and exams, then The Interview."

The Toothless of a week ago would have immediately declined - it wasn't his scene, filled to the brim of people he couldn't stand. The same Toothless wasn't trying to have a fresh start before Third Year.

"Yeah, I'll be there." He leaned forward on his elbows, taking in the old whiteboard and the scrawl across it. There were a list of activities for end year, many of which Toothless had no opinion of.

As a Civic Engineering student, his day was filled with maths and sciences with the odd writing course thrown in. His extracurricular activity of choice was art and he was part of the Tech Club, spending the first few weeks of school working on the student tablets. The rest of the year was fixing the same devices, clearing off the viruses collected through unauthorized programs and attempted hackings.

The cheering of his classmates drew his attention back, watching them circle the three star players of the school's Rugby team. The chanting continued long enough to draw their instructor into the room, breaking the chaos with a stern shout.

It was hours later, at the Wandering Oar that Toothless felt even more out of place than he ever did at school. Dressed in his own cousin's second hand clothes, alone without his wingman, he sipped at a soda while his classmates celebrated their last few hours together. The pairings were more obvious, he noted absently at the pretty girls and handsome men that had found one another. Then there was him, a ghost in the background, forgotten.

Except...

His sights fell on one lone girl watching the groups dance, a fruity drink in her hands. Her blonde hair was pulled back into two braids, blue eyes dancing with delight. Astrid. She was a year younger than him, another person who had their placement bought by family. As a first year, she wasn't worried yet about The Interview. It probably wouldn't hit her until this time, next year. All of these people wouldn't be as jolly first of the month.

Draining his soda, he started across the hall. Plastering on a friendly smile, he leaned against the counter next to her. "Hey, Astrid."

Her blue eyes narrowed, taking in him and trying to place a name. When the pause lasted too longer, Toothless swallowed.

"It's Toothless, second year? I, uh, fixed your computer so you could access your social network?" It had been against regulations, but she had flirted with him earlier that year with her blouse unbuttoned and white flesh under his nose. It wasn't possible to resist when she praised his computer skills.

"Oh!" Her eyes widened with realization before the smile graced her face. "I'm still so impressed that you were able to do that, you don't realize how much of a life saver you are, Toothless." She brushed a bang from her face. "I'm sorry, I'm not really good with names."

Laughing it off, Toothless reached into his wallet, ordering her another juice. "It's fine. How has your first year at the academy been?"

"Good, good - I didn't realize how competitive the program was until

recently! I'm going to have several late nights this testing season if I want to move onto the Third Year here. You're about to go into The Interview, aren't you? You nervous?" She moved on fast, placing her weight on her left side.

"Um, yeah, just a little." Toothless tucked his hands into his pocket. "Um, I wanted to know if you maybe wanted to dance, or, you know, something." The party was already spiraling out of control as a flask was passed around, knowing that this was the only night the owner of the Wandering Oar would be out, leaving his son in charge.

Glancing around the room, Astrid shifted.

"Look..."

"Astrid!"

Toothless jumped as Ruffnut's voice echoed across the packed bar. She jumped over, wrapping her arms around Astrid's thin arm with a confused look at Toothless .

"What are you doing hanging with the virgin?"

"We were just having a chat about third year." Astrid straightened out from under the friendly hug, tucked hands in front of her.

"Oh," Ruffnut frowned, "Whatever. Snotlout was asking for you - I think he's got the hots for you. Don't hide in back, I heard from Stormfly that a night with Snotlout is like a night in heaven. She never came so hard until-" The girl's voice faded as she pulled Astrid away. Neither girl passed a glance behind them, not that Toothless would have noticed if they had.

Virgin.

How had they even known? Or was it a jest?

He glanced over at Snotlout, noting how the man had glanced at him before laughing with the girls.

Why did it matter?

He swallowed.

Leaving the bar, he rushed towards the school dorms and to his room. His roommate was already gone, either at home or at the bar, Toothless didn't know nor did he care as he grabbed at his coat, grabbing his abandoned cell phone.

Two missed messages, both from Meatlug, explaining his absence. Apparently a better offer to go off with his girlfriend who attended Berk Public College came up and Meatlug took her up on the deal. Besides, the next message explained, it was traditional to lose one's virginity before Second Year was over and it didn't matter if Meatlug enjoyed attending the school, he wasn't one to dismiss tradition.

Dropping on his bed, Toothless let his hands drop between his knees, not able to look up even as his roommate came in and left, condoms stuffed in his pocket. _When did all this happen?_ Toothless took in

the room, noting the differences between his own neatly arranged area versus his roommates stifling mess of nudie magazines and school materials. The only scantily clad image he had on his person was the latest movie poster for his favorite Elf Wars Franchise with the Elven Princess plastered with her two piece mithril set. And he only got the poster as a bonus for pre-ordering his DVD box set.

Groaning, he ducked his head lower.

New plan of action, girlfriend - or boyfriend - be damned, he needed to get laid before the testing started. No one would believe him, but at least he'd know he wasn't truly left behind.

And more so, if he had a few tryst, he could make a pretty girl like Astrid talk about his prowess to her friends. It would be the icing of his cake.

Grabbing his weekend bag, he stormed out of the dorms. Everything around him seemed different with the new sense of awareness including the tall-tale signs of students having sex. Socks on the doorjambs, the occupied sign in the bathroom. There wasn't a place, he realized as he left school grounds that students weren't taking up to spend their last moments together. You should have seen this earlier. How many girls have left school this last year pregnant?

I need to get out of here._

It was a requirement that the students live on campus even though a large percentage of students lived a short distance from the school. Toothless' father's restaurant was a frequent site visited by the students, but today seemed almost empty as the teen stepped, going towards the back rooms to leave his bag in his locker. His father was in the open office, reading off his computer as the cooks moved around the kitchen automatically.

"Thought you were hanging out with the other kids today?" His father hummed absently as Toothless logged into the work system.

"Those plans fell through," Toothless grumbled, grabbing his apron.

"I was going to have Bucket do it, but since you're here could you clean up the bathrooms? The stalls need a fresh coat of paint, too. Those kids might help us stay in the black, but they have no respect to my property." The man shook his head. "Once you're done, you can help in the kitchens."

Tossing his apron back down, Toothless tossed his head back with a low groan. "Whatever." He reached for the tins of paint that had been sitting on his father's filing cabinet since the beginning of the year when the man had first mentioned painting the stalls. He shifted his tongue in his mouth, tempted to inquire about his father's opinion on the school tradition, but ended up smothering the topic.

His father had been sixteen when he knocked up Toothless' mother with their oldest daughter. He wouldn't understand his own son's problems, coming up on eighteen with his virginity still intact.

The bathrooms at the restaurant were not gross by any stretch of the words. In Toothless' opinion, they appeared to be normal toilets with an unusual number of graffiti lining the door. His father was usually good about covering up inappropriate statements himself, allowing kids to be kids by leaving their mark somewhere, but every so often the stalls began to look more like a newspaper and less like a public space.

There was the usual cluster of names, defining love in ink. Occasionally someone had drawn a penis but it was scribbled out and replaced by stick figures. Toothless' favorite ones were the motivational comments the occasional shitter left, mostly because it often caused someone else to be side and sarcastic directly underneath.

Next to the toilet paper is neat block letters was written, _You are perfect the way you are._

Under it, someone's messy scrawl wrote, "_I KNOW I'm flawless. Fuck off._"

Taking his phone out, Toothless snapped a picture of it before spreading the paint over the mess.

Each line was read before erased forever, a small cluster of entertainment designed just for him. He scowled at someone who had written a message to "The nerd in third block on BA's Advanced Calculus course." Wiping that away, Toothless stepped into the stall, shutting the door to work on the inside.

"_Looking for a good time? Just text._ It was followed by a cluster of numbers. Pretty font, relatively new as far as Toothless could remember. He dipped the paintbrush into the pail.

Just text.

Whores, the lot of them. Having to get a date through means of the uni-sex bathroom at the local shops. Or it was a boyfriend or girlfriend angry at their past conquest. Toothless grumbled, erasing part of the message only to be stopped at the number.

Or maybe it wasn't a joke? Maybe this was his only chance, someone who just wanted to get laid and didn't care by whom? He could live with a one night shag if it meant he wouldn't be a virgin anymore. Maybe things would perk up if he didn't have this aura of never been touched?

He swallowed heavily, grasping his cellphone once more. The numbers weren't hard to type it, but his fingers felt stiff and unsure. He paused on the message portion of the message. _This is stupid._ He slammed his phone back into his pocket, white washing the number away. He wasn't going to beg for a quick fuck, that didn't feel special in the least.

Ruffnut's voice caressed his ear in repeat, ""What are you doing hanging with the virgin?"

Astrid had just walked away, almost appalled with the thought of him not knowing what to do with a girl. Him, almost ready to enter his Third Year.

He grabbed his phone again. _Looking for a good time._

If it was a joke or a mean prank from an ex-lover, he could laugh this off. He would never meet this person in real life if it was all fake.

He didn't even leave the stall when his phone vibrated back with a message. _Haddock Hotels, room 227B tomorrow at noon. 50 for some touching, 100 for mouth, 150 to rub, 250 for everything._

Blinking at the prices, Toothless licked the roof of his mouth. Were those prices right? That seemed... rather expensive, but he did have that money in his savings account and his parents did say only to use it for an emergency. Losing his virginity on short notice did seem like an emergency.

With shaky fingers he sent a message back before stuffing the cell in his pocket.

I want everything.

2. Chapter 2

Saturday Night

>By: Selim
>Rating: M+
>Summary: Toothless has a problem â€“ a big one. About to enter his last year of school, it occurs to him he's the only virgin in his class. In hopes to rectify that, he stumbled upon a number for a prostitute. One night is never so easy.

>Pairing: Human-Toothless/Slut?Hiccup

>Warnings: Language, Minors having Sex, Protected Sex, Unprotected Sex, Toys, Rimming, Oral Sex, Deep Throating, Frottage.

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><p>Berk was a product of the industrial age. Up until Haddock Industries was founded, the island had been unhabituated save for the occasional scouting units by international militant groups during wars. Haddock Industries had started as a one-man shop, selling in commodities across the globe. It had grown over the first decade into a chain of offices across five different countries, the main one being back at Berk. With its design came the employees, working across the spectrum from accounting to zoology. There wasn't a thing in the known world that didn't have Haddock's hand in it.</p>

As the business grew and people came to settle on the island, with it came other businesses. Not one to be put out by its own workers, Haddock Industries created competition that always had better revenue. Some businesses knew when to just give the company a large share in order to survive. Toothless' father had been one of the

smarter small businesses, providing to the local schools a meal plan to receive quarterly profit margins.

Students that attended the Private School, making into Third Year, were always offered placement at the Private University on the island where they would receive tutelage in their designated field with a job lined up upon graduation. Students across the globe fought to get into the university because the persons future was golden.

Along the coast, nestled amongst the expensive condominiums and beach homes was Haddock Towers, a glass castle on the horizon. It was a motel that had started with twelve rooms, made to house visiting VIPs for Haddock Inc. As the years grew and the corporation became a power holder, it had also grown in size. Ten floors, including three presidential apartments, it was a gem.

Toothless had never been in the building himself. Having been born and raised in Berk, his family had a nice home above his father's restaurant. Some of the students at the local Academy had parties in the lower rooms during breaks, but this break the place was surprisingly empty as many students opted to leave the island for high-end vacations.

Stepping through the wide glass doors leading into an open floor, Toothless gazed up at the spiraling floors above him. It seemed endless, the amount of architecture placed into this one building. On his left, the concierge desk seemed hard at work just as the front reception bustled at their computers, talking with men wearing expensive suits.

Feeling out of place in his faded blue jeans and loose shirt Toothless shifted towards the shadows and the elevator, pleased that his prostitute had already secured a room. The price was starting to make sense, especially since the overall coverage didn't even pay for one night as this place.

The glass elevators came with a shutter, the wide doors sliding open to release an array of businessmen from various countries. Once empty, Toothless stepped in, hitting the second floor button with ease. His heart hammered as he watched the elevator rise, faster than he thought imaginable. It was only a second before the doors swung open again for the next floor and Toothless fought the urge to let the sliding doors close just to ride the elevator up to the top floor.

Room 227B.

Verifying the number on his cellphone and comparing directions with the plaque in front of the elevators, Toothless started left, his sharp eyes looking over the railing at the wide reception area below him. A limousine had pulled up in front of the doors for the businessmen and Toothless watched as they climbed in one after another. One day that'll be you in those suits. He smiled before disappearing behind the wall leading to the line of rooms.

The room in question was a double, both sides with a "Do Not Disturb" Sign in place. While building up the courage to come today, Toothless had pictured everything that could have gone wrong, from the pimp being in the room ready to mug him or there being the most unattractive, disease-ridden prostitute.

He still came though, with high hopes that there would be a babe on the other side. _It's now or never._

With a deep breath, Toothless rapped his knuckles over the thick wood and stepped back. Inside he heard the slight scuffle of drawers being shut and the metal latch sliding open before the handle moved. The heavy oak pulled back an inside stood a decent sized young man, no older than fifteen. He had bright green eyes and the softest brown hair Toothless had ever seen.

"Umâ€œ| " Toothless looked around. "Are you, um, the person I texted?"

"Looking for good time?" The boy tilted his head back, flashing pearly white teeth. Toothless nodded. "Good, come on in." The boy held the door open, giving the student room to come in. It wasn't lost on Toothless that the boy glanced around the hall before shutting the door, locking the chain once more. "Do you have the money?"

"Yeah." Toothless pulled out his wallet, taking out the folded bills with some despair. His bank account was certainly smaller now, but he kept reminding himself it was going to a good cause. He handed the cash over and watched as the prostitute counted the bills before dipping the money into his back pocket. He shifted nervously. "Look, I've, uh, never done this before."

"Got a whore?" The brunette inquired, unbuttoning his tight white shirt. Under, Toothless noted, was a tight band tee.

Face burning, Toothless nodded.

The boy pierced his lips, staring blankly at the wall. "It's easy. I'm yours until noon tomorrow. Pretty good bargain at that price, don't you think? No scarring, no scat â€œ take a piss on me and I'll kill you. Follow those rules and we should be cool." He licked his dry lips before turning to Toothless again. "You can call me Hiccup. I hope you weren't expecting a woman."

"Um, Toothless." The student rubbed his head, unsure if the name he was given had been a codename. Berk-ian names were always so confusion. "And I'm cool, either way."

He nearly jumped out of his skin as Hiccup fell to his knees in front of him. The boy â€œ Hiccup â€œ was staring up at him with half lidded eyes, plagued with some annoyances. "Good, there were no refunds." His deft fingers pulled at Toothless' fly, unzipping it with haste. The dark haired teen nearly jumped from his skin as the cold hands wrapped around his soft â€œ but definitely hardening â€œ cock, pulling it free from his briefs and through the slit in his pants. _Oh gods, this is really happening._

Slumping against the nearest wall, Toothless let his hands fall back to avoid grabbing Hiccup's face and just getting him started. It seemed he wasn't the only one with some reservation about this meeting. For all his going nature, Hiccup appeared conflicted with where to go next, the paid of his thumb brushing the underside of Toothless' cock as his pink tongue stuck between his lips in thought. Finally after some conflict, Hiccup leaned forward and curled his

tongue around the dark tip.

Toothless tilted his head back, exhaling heavily as a sharp twinge flooded his body. The next lick moved from the vein under his cock back towards the tip before he was enveloped in the warm heat of Hiccup's mouth. The boy's hands moved down, through the zipper of his pants, to grasp his balls, hanging heavily between his thighs. Eyes closed, Hiccup's face was moving closer to Toothless' body, taking in more and more of his cock. The slither of the tongue against the underside of his penis was indescribable. His own hand was nothing in comparison to the mouth, especially as the tip brushed against the back of Hiccup's throat.

Spongy was his first thought, _Fuck yeah_ his second.

His fist tightened, uncertainty crossing his mind. The need to lace his fingers in that smooth hair, to push his dick in further, was unbearable. _If a mouth feels like this, just imagine being balls deep._ He groaned as Hiccup pulled back the smallest of moans. The warm breath flooding from his nose made Toothless shutter. Opening his eyes, he watched as Hiccup rolled forward again on the balls of his feet, swallowing Toothless down again. "Shit!" He felt his hips jerk forward. The throat around his tip tightened before Hiccup pulled back, coughing. "S, sorryâ€|"

"Didn't get you, did I?" Hiccup asked, rubbing his jaw.

"No. Sorry, didn't mean to..."

"It's all right. Fuck my mouth." Hiccup's lips curled up. His hands left Toothless' jeans, grasping at Toothless' bigger ones, rougher ones, bringing them forward to rest on his jaw. Brushing his hands over Hiccup's low cheek bone, Toothless leaned forward, nearly arching over Hiccup as he pushed his hips past the plane of puffy lips. Hiccup's tongue rubbed against the underside of his cock again as he pushed against the back of the throat. As he touched the spongy part, he pulled back again, trying to tilt Hiccup's face just right. "You look good like this."

Hiccup's eyes sparkled, begging him to do it.

He pushed forward, easing his hips again into the spot. He watched as Hiccup's cheeks hollowed out around him, creating a vacuum. Perfect didn't even cover the feeling he was having. In and out, he thrusts became greedy as he listened to the noises he was forcing from Hiccup. _Gug, gug, gug._ Hiccup had shifted himself around just right so he was on all four, his mouth parted and ready as Toothless kept him in place. Green eyes were dark with lust, staring up and watching Toothless.

"Shitâ€| shitâ€|" His orgasm was building. His balls were drawing in, belly coiling with each slap. He pulled back, fisting his shaft. The first line spilt against Hiccup's tongue and down his chin the second one creating a line over his nose as Toothless pulled the orgasm. Slumping back against the wall, Toothless watched as Hiccup pulled back, sliding his fingers down his face and through the mess.

And his lapâ€| Toothless took a glance towards the tight designer jeans Hiccup was wearing, proudly defining his own erection. Taking even breaths, the student returned the smile. "I want you on the

bed."

Hiccup stood on his knees, taking a cautious step towards the double bed. He leaned forward on the firm mattress, pressing his still-clothed ass out, accentuating his better features. Grinning, Toothless started forward. His open palm slapped Hiccup's back side causing the boy to shout before they slid down to the folds off his ass, grabbing. Leaning his mouth forward, Toothless licked the bare skin along Hiccup's collarbone where it disappeared under the tight black shirt. "Always was an ass man."

"No scars," Hiccup reminded him as his teeth grazed over the skin.

Pulling his mouth back, Toothless pressed the line of his body against Hiccup. Hands moving, he grasped at the button, freeing it and unzipping the tight pants from tiny hips. As if to help, Hiccup worked them hem line down. Counterintuitive to the process, he rolled his hips back. Toothless groaned, pulling his hips back and watched as the jeans slid down until Hiccup could toe them off. Grabbing his own hemline, Toothless discarded his pants, kicking them off towards the corner of the room with his underwear. Next, he pulled his shirt over his shoulders before letting it join his other clothes.

In an equal state of undress, Hiccup raised a knee onto the bed, sending a cool look over his shoulder. "Condoms," he purred, "Are in the side drawer."

"Don't need it yet." Toothless bent down, spreading Hiccup's white globes apart. There, deep in the middle was the boy's pink entrance, winking at him, offering so much on the other end. Just south, nestled between skinny thighs were the boy's testes, proportional to his size, and leading up to a small fat penis. Toothless ran his fingers down the line, from tailbone to perineum. No hair, he noted absently. A very well-maintained prostitute.

He had watched porn in preparation of tonight, not wanting to come in a complete and utter virgin. There was something about being humiliated for his experience he didn't want to relieve, especially when the mockery came from someone he was paying to help alleviate the situation. Hiccup had been good humored about the whole thing, offering the patience and goodwill, apparently used to the greediness of the client.

"You look so good," Whispered Toothless, purposely breathing against the pink orifice. Hiccup moaned, shifting again. His leg, settled next to Toothless' shoulder, stretched out to provide better view. Cupping his hands against the boy's globes, he spread the skin apart and curled his tongue against the rippled edges of the anus. It didn't taste like anything, he noted absently. Hiccup had certainly cleaned up well in preparation, but it was to be expected. He hadn't known if Hiccup was going to be a male or female and Hiccup certainly didn't know Toothless' sex prior to opening that door. He prepared for anything.

He kissed the skin next before bringing his tongue once more over the skin, pressing against the tight muscles blocking his path. Hiccup made a low, muffled sound as his hips shifted back again. Unabated, Toothless brought his thumb against the pink rim, pulling the taut skin back as his tongue once more slid against the velvety edges, the

bright pink pulled white before disappearing into darkness. Nosing forward, the dark haired teen wedged his hands in the pull Hiccup's anus open until his tongue slipped firmly between the tight muscles. Saliva slipped from the corner of his mouth as he moved, licking the velvet deepness, enjoying the spicy scent of Hiccup's body wash.

He really was an ass man. Women's asses, men's asses. His screening of porn videos always included this and he had wanted to put his nose between those milky legs on the laptop screen. He wanted to bathe the back entrance with his own saliva and drive those mews forward

As his tongue stretched further in, he scrapped his front two teeth over the rolled up rim. Hiccup gave a startled his second leg sliding back to the ground as his hips shifted back, trying to push Toothless further in. Put his hands on Hiccup's hips, Toothless rolled his tongue out and down against Hiccup's perineum, collecting salty sweat before he moved once more up to the puffy, wet entrance. This time, his tongue was gobbled up greedily. Rolling his tongue, Toothless pulled out before sliding in again, an approving noise escaping his lips as Hiccup clenched his anus muscles.

The thin hips were rolling against the mattress under his palm, dry humping in desperate need. Hiccup's small voice, panting against satin fabric, begged hoarsely, "Please, I need you in me!"

"Let me get the condom." Toothless purposely stood and arched himself over Hiccup, letting his returned erection rub against the cleft of the boy's ass as he reached for the nightstand. True to his word, a box of condoms was in the drawer with a bottle of untouched lube. Forgoing the lube " he wasn't going to need to help masturbate now " Toothless tore open the box and ripped open one of the small aluminum packaging. It fit snug around him, leaving a wet mess on his hand as he unrolled it around his stiff cock.

This was it, Toothless rubbed the slick tip of his cock between the moist folds of Hiccup's bottom. Hiccup was watching him over his shoulder, eyes dark and bloodshot. He made someone need him " even though paid. Hiccup could have just rolled over and taken it, but that (Toothless was sure of it) was the face of a person who not only wanted, but needed Toothless to bring them off. Grabbing the base of his cock, he pushed forward, past the loosened ring of muscles.

Under him, Hiccup hissed. His grip on the bed spread tightened. Toothless placed his heavy hands on the boy's hips, stopping Hiccup from pulling away. Pushing a little further in, he groaned at the tightness around his dick. This, he realized, was far better than the other teen's throat had ever been. No wonder everyone at school is doing it.

He couldn't wait. He bucked his hips forward and pushed the rest of his dick deep inside. Hiccup gave a startled cry, pulling on the blankets. Waiting, the older boy rubbed the bruises already forming on Hiccup's hips, waiting for the boy's breathing to thin out and the obvious pain to go away.

"P, please!" Hiccup whispered, pushing himself on his knees, "Please move."

Nodding, Toothless pulled his cock out until only the head remained

pierced inside. Moving his leg around to better angle himself, he pushed forward once more until he was once more balls deep again. Hiccup groaned. Pulling the boy's hips back, Toothless tried again. In, out. Slowly a rhythm built up, the slapping of skin filling the room. It still didn't compare to the porn, Toothless realized as he pulled again, the orgasm building inside him.

He should be begging for my cock. Why isn't he?

Hiccup's head was ducked down, his breathing labored. Between his legs, his erection bobbed back and forth. Toothless shifted his hips, trying for a different angle. Pushing his hips forward again, he heard a startled gasp from Hiccup. He pushed again into that very spot, pleased when Hiccup pushed back against him. Body rocking, Hiccup moaned and cried with each thrust. Tightening his grip on Hiccup's hips, the older teen dripped into that spot, relishing in the sounds of Hiccup's moans.

"More, fuck, oh gods!" One of Hiccup's hands moved, wrapping around his balls, attempting to ward off his own orgasm. Grabbing that hand, Toothless pressed it back against the bed moving his weight to push Hiccup down. His other hand moved to grab the brunette's free one, pressing both smooth, pale hands to the bed.

His hips worked fast, slamming into that very spot. His balls kept slapping against the warm flesh of his partner, loud to his ear. He wasn't going to last long, but it didn't seem right to come before his prostitute. "You feel so tight!" Hiccup did. Each thrust seemed to be wrapped in the warmest of gloves that convulsed around with a grip. It was becoming too much for him. His thrusts, once even, were erratic and sharp against that spot.

Head turned, Hiccup wiggled and cried, mouth parted and droll spilling on the comforter. "Oh gods, please|need to|oh fuck|so good|ah! Ah!" He back arched and buttocks tightened as he spilled between them.

The grip around his dick grew even hotter. Toothless tossed his head back as he spilt inside the condom, finally. He stayed still for a few seconds, a few tentative thrusts still in him, trying to imagine what he would have been like to be inside that tight spot surrounded not by latex, but by his own warm seed. Finally, he pulled free and pulled the condom off, tossing it in the waste basket found between the beds.

Sitting up, Toothless took in the mess of a prostitute he'd left under him. Hiccup, eyes closed and breathing heavy, was blanketed in a thin layer of sweat. His hips were red, forming black along the center where his hands had tightened. There was scratching along the folds of his buttocks where Toothless had pulled the mounds apart and between them, puffy and red and slick with lube from the condom was Hiccup's anus, almost ready for another go.

Dipping his fingers in, Toothless felt a wave of joy go through him as Hiccup's back entrance swallowed his finger with no resistance. Face pressed against the blanket, Hiccup groaned. "I have you until noon."

Hiccup rolled his head to the side. "Mm. I have us on reserve for food as well."

"We'll have to see if we have time to eat." Toothless smirked, curling his fingers against a velvety spot that made Hiccup moan. "There's so much to do and I only have so much time to do it."

3. Chapter 3

Saturday Night

>By: Selim

>Rating: M+

>Summary: Toothless has a problem â€“ a big one. About to enter his last year of school, it occurs to him he's the only virgin in his class. In hopes to rectify that, he stumbled upon a number for a prostitute. One night is never so easy.

>Pairing: Human-Toothless/Slut?Hiccup

>Warnings: Language, Minors having Sex, Protected Sex, Unprotected Sex, Toys, Rimming, Oral Sex, Deep Throating, Frottage.

Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon. This is a piece of fiction and the author is making no monetary gain off its creation.

* * *

><p>Toothless had always had trouble waking up in the morning. It was a complaint of his mother that had started when he began school. If he had it his way, he would have slept until noon or later. This, he decided with half-lidded eyes and brain fogged with the need to sleep more, was a good way to wake up in the morning.</p>

Hiccup, it seemed, was very much a morning person. If Toothless had been the prostitute, he would have slept in until his costumer woke up, soaking in the free time doing nothing while his client slept away his paid time. Not Hiccup, apparently he was getting something out of the deal because he woke Toothless by sliding his legs over Toothless' thighs and offering the most delightful show as his ass swallowed his protected cock.

God, what an ass. Blemished just right with the yellow markings of fingers over the course of the last couple hours, it was soft and loose, eager for another go. Toothless groaned and the skill both parties had built upon each other over the night. Hiccup, no longer guarded with his own pleasure and Toothless, no longer nervous about his prostitute's feelings. Both were greedy for the other, to fall victim to a whirlwind of pleasure that would end in just a few hours.

Cupping the red bottom displayed in front of him, Toothless tried to focus on the rise of his hips. His legs were stretched out in front of him as Hiccup bounced on the balls of his feet, knees bent and attention focused only on his own pleasure. Not that Toothless felt forgotten.

"Fuck, you're so slickâ€|"

He had attempted to lube Hiccup better their second romp, fully in

bed. He'd rubbed a few off on Hiccup as well, leaving a line of flaking come in its wake. There had been a few tryst that he hadn't bothered the penetrate, wanting to enjoy to sight of his cum spraying across the fucked over ass even though all he wanted to see was it sliding from Hiccup's puffy red hole.

Now it was dripping wet with the cooling lube Hiccup had supplied. Pink globes were crusted with dried semen, promising to be uncomfortable the longer Hiccup refrained from a shower, but clean was the last thing on their minds.

Grabbing Hiccup's thighs, Toothless pushed the pliant body back down, pushing his throbbing shaft deeper inside smooth insides. He could imagine his cock, bare, trying to nestle as deep as possible and blow a load, to mark this soul as his.

In, out, inâ€¢!

The latex wrapped out his cock seemed to gleam each time it was pulled out, tugging on the thin muscles with it. Hiccup's bottom came down again, swallowing more in before Toothless had had enough, swinging them both over, twisting Hiccup like a pig on a spit. Tugging Hiccup's legs apart, Toothless settled on his own knees, working his hips forward. This angle, he decided, was better â€“ not only could he watch his dick mark the insides of the prostitute, but he could also see Hiccup's penis lay proudly against his stomach.

"Look at that little boy penis," Toothless jested, thrusting in. In response it bobbed up, knowing that it was the center of attention. "Not even a hair â€“ did you shave it all off? I bet you did. Such a good little whore." He licked his dry lips, pushing Hiccup's legs back so the boy was bent in half. Fuck, he felt like he was in the boy's stomach at this angle. It was so tight and deep, moist with lubricant. Almost like this spot was made for him.

Folded, Hiccup's hands reached behind him to grab the blanket, cheeks flushed and eyes closed. His red mouth was parted, lips chap. He looked like a debauched mess with no one to blame but the man currently plowing into him.

"Look at me," breathed Toothless.

Green eyes opened, staring up at him.

"You're such a good boy."

He brought a knee forward, seeking better balance as he raised Hiccup's hips. Slap, slap, slap, his rhythm was erratic, paced with his breathing. His eyes moved up to the perky nipples standing at attention. Just last night he had bit and sucked on them like a babe, enjoying the cries that left those swollen lips. Now they were bouncing up with each thrust, an enticing show.

"What do you want?" Toothless asked.

"Ngh," Hiccup blinked away the tears building in the corner of his eye. He tried opening his mouth again but a smaller moan escaped surrounded by breathing. Slowing his thrusts with sheer willpower, easing his dick free, he grasped the head of his cock to ease the

urge to orgasm. With torturous precision he rubbed his cock against the greedy opening. "P-puh, please, Toothless."

"Tell me, Hiccup."

"N, need it, need your huge cock." Hiccup pushed his hips down, sliding Toothless' length over the folds of his butt. He groaned in defeat. "L, let me cum."

Shifting his hips back, Toothless eased his dick back in with the faintest of moans. Quickly he picked up his pace again, aiming directly into that spot. The muscles convulsed against him as Hiccup cried out with a startled cry.

"Ugh! Fuck! Uh-! Toothless!" Hiccup's grip tightened again on the blanket, pulling it up as he rocked back into the thrusts.

"Ngh!"

"Huuhâ€|hu'hâ€|shit," Toothless clenched his jaw His orgasm, built up, was powerful. Hiccup cried out, tossing his head back as he painted his stomach with cum.

Pulling out, Toothless tossed the condom into the trash before slumping against Hiccup's side. Above his head, the alarm blared the bright red time of eight in the morning. "Gods, are you always up this early?"

"Early bird gets the worm."

Smirking into his pillow, Toothless breathed, "But the second mouse gets the cheese."

He grunted as an open hand slapped his hip. "I'm going to take a shower." Hiccup rolled out of bed, shifting with some discomfort before moving towards the door with an uneven gait. Toothless took in the sight with pride. _I did that to him._

As the water turned on, Toothless rolled out of bed and started towards the bathroom. _He didn't say I couldn't join him._

Hours later, dressed and fully sated, Toothless made his way back through town with a sense of dissatisfaction of what had transpired. Now over, it seemed almost painful to leave Hiccup. _Sex is really a dangerous game._ It was hard to remember that in the end, Hiccup was a prostitute. Nothing more, nothing less. It wasn't going to be easy to forget that special person after the night of passion the two had spent together.

His father's restaurant was closed on Sundays, used as a day when stock came in. It was quiet in the back room where his father sat at his computer, typing in the receipts from the week in the ledger. Knocking on the door, Toothless raised the corner of his lip when his father glanced up. The man always seemed tired on Sundays, but he made it worth it by taking Mondays and Tuesdays off.

"Your mother and I missed you last night."

"Yeah, there was this party and," Toothless trailed off absently.

"That's good," his father murmured, absently. He moved a sheet of paper, transaction sheets if Toothless recalled correctly. "Your mother and I worry sometimes that you forget how to be a kid." He made eye contact with his son finally over the rim of his glasses. "We're proud of you, Toothless, really we are, but you have to remember to slow down and smell the roses. These are the best years of your life and you should live them before they're gone."

"I know, Dad." He'd heard it all before from both parents. Ever since he'd been accepted at Berk Academy, years had been wasted with his nose in the book. Until Friday, he hadn't realized how isolated he was. "Did you have any problems at work?"

Chuckling, his father opened another ledger. "Contrary to belief, Toothless, I don't need you to run this place. I have a lot of capable young men able to help me do prep work and stock. The only advantage with you working is that I don't have to pay you hourly wages."

"I know, I know, you grace me with the right to breathe." Toothless smiled. "I'm going to go upstairs to get a shower, maybe take a little nap."

The older man glanced up again, a heavy brow raised in confusion. "It looks like you already had a shower."

Running his fingers through his wet hair, Toothless blushed as the memories flooded back. Hiccup had been so pretty pressed against the wall, water cascading down his abs as Toothless rubbed against him. Their semen spiraled together as it was washed down the drain. "It was a quick wash, one of the girl's was sick so, yeah, I just wanted to clean up a bit, but it's never feels like your shower."

"True. Go relax. Your mother is probably still sleeping; she had overnight rounds at the hospital so try not to wake her."

"Yes, sir."

"And if you could help tomorrow with the shop in the evening. Tinhead's wife has a doctor's appointment and he didn't want to miss out."

"Yes, sir."

Excusing himself, he moved out the backdoor, towards the winding staircase hidden in the alley that moved to the apartments up the stairs. It had been renovated when Toothless was still a child into a single-family home with full amenities, providing a comfortable living condition. The sounds and smells of the kitchens were canceled out upstairs, allowing the cool wisps of jasmine to circle Toothless as he walked into the nice earthly-tone walkway.

Shoes abandoned at the door, he moved through the open concept living room, up the staircase he entered an old loft where his rooms were located. A small bathroom and a bedroom next to a sanctioned off office. It was cozy, Toothless hummed as he carefully shut his door and moved through the single space.

Unlike his dorm room, it had a few more personal touches. Creamy walls were plastered with various posters, from favorite bands

(outdated) to an old periodic table that had chemistry notes posted around it. His desk, in the corner, had books appropriately placed on it next to his old PC computer and printer. He'd left his coat from winter break on the back of the desk chair, catching dust.

The shower was exactly what he needed. He allowed the warm water to flow down his back, pleased with the lack of need in his body. He doubted he could get an erection after the last twelve hours.

Hiccup had walked him down to the lobby at noon, politely thanking him for the good time and a reminder to keep his number if Toothless ever needed servicing again. The price, he had commented absently, was discounted at twenty percent off, but if Toothless wanted anything special (he didn't describe what would be special), the price would be back up in the two hundreds.

Then he had left, going back upstairs without another word.

The student in him wanted to get rated on his prowess, to learn what he needed to work on. There were still so many more conquests at school and he had to be prepared. He contemplating texting Hiccup to asks, but dismissed the thought just as quickly. Their services were through; he had no other reason to keep the number now that he was no longer a virgin.

Definitely not a virgin.

Turning off the shower, he stepped out.

Dressed in a fresh pair of boxers, Toothless laid out on his bed, nosing through his messages over the night. He had had an ignored message from his father telling him that the house was going to be locked overnight and where to find the spare key (coded 'you know where'). Meatlug had sent a message about his own conquests with his date ('score!') followed by a polite message to call him.

Hitting his friend's number, Toothless leaned back.

"Yo, man. Caught me just in time."

"Sorry, was out late last night." Toothless scratched his nose.
"Figured you were too. You and Angelbite have a good night?"

"Up until my dad called telling me to get my ass home, which is why I needed to talk to you. I'm heading out for the week, surprise family vacation before The Interview. He's in high hopes that he's padded the pockets of the right people that I'll get in even with my abysmal grades, but hey â€“ I'm not looking a gift horse in the mouth. This might be the last time I get to enjoy the beaches on his dime," laughed Meatlug heartily.

Toothless smiled. Meatlug had admitted their first year he had only attended the academy because his father had made him. He had wanted to attend the public school, to be with his girlfriend. He had the smarts to make it at the academy, but he was the kind of boy who had rather been a big fish in a small pond than matched with other piranhas. "He's going to kill you when you fail out of the Academy."

"Now failing, just going to do my bare minimum and then be the

example of what not to be during an interview. He'll get over it; I mean I have four other siblings. Let him put his hopes and dreams in them for once." Meatlug snorted. "Anyway, where were you last night man, I had hoped we could get a bite before vacation really set in."

"Sorry, I was, uh, you know, with company." Toothless flushed.

"Your grandparents in town? The sucks."

"No! Uh, no. Not that kind of company," Toothless coughed. "I was with someone I had met. Spending the night." He emphasized the word, hoping his dearest friend would catch on.

Meatlug went silent. "I thought you weren't interested in you-know-what. Said it was a waste of time while we were in school."

He remembered saying that earlier that year when Meatlug had first had sex. If he remembered correctly, he had said he wasn't interested in any of the carnal pleasures while there was so much at stake. At the time, he had only to focus on being the best at school. Sex and fun could come after.

Oh how fast things had changed.

"I realized just how behind I really was," Toothless admitted.

"Oh well, congrats?" There was a cough on the other end of the line as Meatlug shifted the phone to his other ear. In the distance Toothless heard the sound of people talking at the airport. "When will I get to meet her?"

"Him." Toothless scratched his chin.

"Right, him. Didn't know you swung that way, but to each his own. Do I get to meet him? I mean, you've met Angel, so it's only fair."

Sighing, Toothless rubbed his eyes. "Probably not, it was a hookup at the party. They left their number and we met and got caught up. I think he gave me a codename to be honest." Not the full truth, but Meatlug did not need to know he'd spent his evening with hired service.

"That sucks. Maybe you'll meet them again, especially at your dad's place. Everyone comes to the Night Fury in Berk, so maybe you could catch up again and try to make something of it?"

"Maybe." Toothless highly doubted it. He'd never seen Hiccup before, even after years of working at his father's restaurant.

There was a loud buzz in the background as Meatlug attempted to cover up the speaker to argue with his father. "Hey, Toothless, I've got to go, our pilot just got in with the flight plan. I'll call you when I get back next Saturday. Try not to overwork over this week, cool?"

"Of course. You have fun, ride a wave for me."

"Ch. The only waves I'm riding better be on the beach. You haven't seen this fat ass in a swim suit. Not a pretty sight." Meatlug laughed. "I'll talk to you later."

"You too. Bye."

Hanging up, Toothless flung his arm behind his head, moaning as he relaxed into the softness of his own bed. Even though it was a twin size bed, it felt so big with just him in it, the missing warmth of a person next to him already noticeable. He exhaled heavily.

"Toothless, sweetie?"

Tilting his head to the side, he groaned at the heaviness of all his muscles. "'M upstairs, mama."

Within seconds, knuckles rapped at his door before the petite woman stepped in. Toothless' mother, Starfly, took a second to take in the space, ensuring that things were not out of place. She always made sure when he came back home things were just as they had been when he'd left. He loved that about her. "I wanted to check in on you, you didn't come home last night."

"Went to a party, mama."

"One of your school friends?" Toothless nodded. "That's nice; I was worried that you would leave school with just Meatlug. He's a nice boy, but growing souls need lots of support." Starfly settled on his bed, running her fingers through his hair. "Have you eaten yet?"

"Had a little something," Toothless murmured. "Just was woken really early this morning. Need at least twelve hours to function properly."

"So lazy, just like your father." She smiled. "Did you meet anybody at the party? Girls? Boys?"

Toothless grunted. "You've been sent up here to pry, haven't you?"

"A mother is allowed to have interest in her son's life. Especially at your age. We had already had Merryweather by then. I suppose as a parent, we worry that you would take things much too fast or much too slow. I want you to be happy. Tell me, are you happy?"

Toothless rolled on his side, grasping his mother's hand. "I was, for a second." And he had been, while lying in that hotel bed with Hiccup. It had all seemed right. "I did meet someone, spent all night with them." There, he said it.

His mother made a small noise. "I hope you used protection."

His cheeks flared.

"We've had the talk; or rather your father says you two did. Girls were so much easier at this stage. Keep your legs together, I told your sister. She seems happily engaged, but heaven knows if she listened to me. Society is so much crueler to the girls that sleep

around than the boys. I just worry. You're so much like your father and, while I know you would make the right decision, I'm not ready to see you have a wife and children yet."

He grabbed his pillow, smothering himself. "I'm not talking about this with you."

Starfly laughed. "So, are we ever going to meet this person?"

Toothless groaned. Lying there for a moment longer he pulled the pillow free, meeting her concerned gaze. "Probably not. Iâ€œ I really liked being with this person, but I still have so much to do and we aren't exactly the best match. Different aspirations, you know."

"Did you take the time to ask this person what they wanted to do?"

He had a feeling that it wasn't much, but his whispered anyway, "Not really."

"Then how do you know what they aspire to do with their lives. Maybe you should try to talk with them? I hear that does wonders."

"You mean meet with them again?"

"Did you get their phone number?"

Toothless nodded.

"Then give them a call, try to stay in contact with them. Maybe they made them happy too. You can't just let it fly past you. And remember, I raised you better than to be the boy who has flings with everyone. You're a wholesome young man."

"Yes, mama."

"I'm going to let you go back to bed. Try to be up by dinner. Your father rented that new elf movie and gods help me if I'm going to be tortured for three hours alone." She kissed his temple before stepping out of the room.

Blinking, Toothless pulled out his phone, gazing over his texts with Hiccup, two days ago. Still a number across his messaging screen, no name nor recognition. He thumbed his finger over the trash can on the side of the screen.

To delete or not to deleteâ€œ

Twenty percent off Hiccup had said.

Would you really pay just to see him again?

His cock stirred to life, a reminder of how good the last twelve hours had been.

Thumbing his fingers over the message screen, he eyed Hiccup's contact info. The request was still blatantly there, but there was just something about it. Taking a deep breath, he pressed his thumb

into Hiccup's phone number. New contact, add contactâ€|

A rush of adrenaline flowed through him as he added Hiccup's number, on the just in case.Maybe one day, he hummed, We can have one more night together.

4. Chapter 4

Saturday Night

>By: Selim

>Rating: M+

>Summary: Toothless has a problem â€“ a big one. About to enter his last year of school, it occurs to him he's the only virgin in his class. In hopes to rectify that, he stumbled upon a number for a prostitute. One night is never so easy.

>Pairing: Human-Toothless/Slut?Hiccup

>Warnings: Language, Minors having Sex, Protected Sex, Unprotected Sex, Toys, Rimming, Oral Sex, Deep Throating, Frottage.

Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon. This is a piece of fiction and the author is making no monetary gain off its creation.

* * *

><p>For two years Toothless mentally prepared himself for the moment his interview with the department heads would come. He had spent years with his nose in books learning to theory while spending his free hours at group programs and competitions practicing the theory being taught. His father had assured him just last night that his CV was impressive for someone his age. The moment the administrative assistant left him in front of the Chair's office, Toothless felt his self-esteem deflate.</p>

Some students knew the moment The Interview was over whether or not he or she had made it into the competitive program. With only 100 spaces open for students in various programs, it wasn't easy to get in. As it stood, Toothless had seen three students leave the main office since he had been instructed to sit.

The wide door opened and a pleasant Snotlout stepped out, uniform pressed clean and hair smoothed back. He was laughing with one of the professors for Year Three, Dr. Stroud Mildew. The man was a legend in the corporate world as a financial consultant. Rumor had that any corporation that placed this man on their pay roll often tripled profit within the first quarter.

Turning away from the skinny scholar, Snotlout smirked at Toothless before walking away. Toothless took a heavy breath, feeling Dr. Mildew's eyes on him. The man made a low, disproving sound before disappearing into the office. The heavy set administrative assistant watched him leave before waving her hand.

"Toothless Fury, they'll see you now."

Standing up, Toothless straightened his jacket one last time before

taking a deep breath. "Thank you, ma'am." He moved through the heavy set door. It was shut behind him and for a second he felt like a caged animal that walked into the lion's den.

Thirteen men sat in a horseshoe around a sturdy table. Next to each man was an overpowering pile of applications. In the middle of table, settled with only one resume, sat the most famous of all men.

Stoick Haddock may have inherited Haddock Inc. from his father, but he was just as powerful as the last man. He had expanded the business, creating a bubble of business and stockholders from here to the ends of the planet. In his hands was Toothless' application for the program, his thick fingers moving through pages upon pages of information with a passing glance.

Dr. Mildew settled in his leather chair with his hands folded n front of him. Toothless tried to place names with every person in the room, but came up clueless quickly.

"You have one of the most complex CVs that I have seen in a long time." Stoick Haddock closed the packet, hands folded under his chin. "It's not often we get an applicant for our Aerophysics and Development Labs."

Toothless wrestled his tongue around his thick mouth, not sure what to say to that, almost certain that if given the chance stupid would fall out.

"And your professors," Haddock continued, "Have nothing but high praise. However, none of them truly know you." He placed the three Letters of Recommendation on the table, open. None were more than a page and a half, probably containing rote information from a set template. Toothless was hardworking, never caused any problems. "You're incredibly active in the community though â€“ seven years with the Young Aerophysics Crew working the tournament system here in Berk."

"The Dragon Riders, yes," Toothless breathed. "I admit," he bowed his head, "I'm often warped by my peers, many of whom are more active with the teachers, however I worked harder to construct my time in the community of our city rather than of the small selection of our school. The Dragon Riders have made in to Nationals with our Pilotless Cruiser the XM-112." The biggest restriction had been the range of communication with their console. Higher frequency depleted the battery faster and within five minutes, it crashed.

"I remember that." A bulky man sitting next to Haddock chimed with a rich accent. His smile stretched. "It was a beautiful design and had the best time to reach all of the targets while collecting visual data for the front service. It came in second only to the one able to last forty-seven seconds longer on the field. The X-112 Unit was able to handle the sharp wind that came in that evening, but it shaved off valuable battery life by stabilizing itself."

Toothless winced. He had had bad sportsmanship when the judges declared them Second Place material. Defeated by natural physics. "We are working out the kinks for this year's tournament, but I will let my co-designers know that our project was remembered."

Haddock eased through the forms. "You've attended both our First Year

Program and Second Year Program on scholarship I see."

"Yes, Sir."

"And work in the IT Department. Bucket had nothing but praise for your work."

Next to him, Dr. Mildew snorted. "That hardly offsets his ability to give back to the school. As a Scholarship Student, he's taken almost fifty-thousand dollars of our student's tuition for his own education and has not joined any extracurricular sports, hasn't joined any of our national team, and by rumor hacks into student tablets to allow them to maneuver past our firewall an access inappropriate material. Should I remind you of the virus that tore through the Biology Department last year?"

Toothless spoke up first, "The virus originated on an instructors computer linked to an email supposedly containing information on public event he wished to sponsor. From there, he circulated the link containing the pest to all of the student's emails. The first student to bring the problem to the IT Office had believed he lost all his data looking at illicit material on the computer he hacked himself." He stiffened realizing the glare directed his way from two of the professors from the Biology Department and the one from Dr. Mildew.

He stifled his emotions again.

"Of course," Mildew hissed.

Haddock glanced back at his work, the smile not hidden. "Let us get back to the situation at hand. Mr. Fury wishes to grace my school with his presence. Third Year Students attend Berk Academy on Full Scholarship from merit. You would receive a one-on-one education from a private tutor in our Aerophysics program from the University and prior to graduation will intern with our private Aerophysics team. You will then be steamrolled into the University program on first selection immediately. This is a pricey program that only the best students are selected; tell me why I should accept you into this program when I could have one of your classmates."

Toothless gritted his teeth. "Because I'm the best. I have worked on robotics since I was old enough to have the fine motor skills to tear apart my dad's television at four. The first kite I ever flew was hooked up to a weather satellite I made myself that told me the air temperatures and wind speeds. I was nine at the time." He took a deep breath. "I joined The Dragon Riders when I saw them creating the Rover Model. There are ideas in here," He touched his skull, "I just need to prove it with the help of others."

The fat man in the center table smiled, arms folded under him. "That's very interesting, Mr. Fury." He glanced over his other men, "Does the panel have any other questions?"

"I do," Mildew grunted. "Let us talk about the cost of this one particular student. The department he's requesting to join is a very expensive program. In fact, he must also seek additional education at another college outside our collective group for University Graduate. Upon exiting, he might not even intend to rejoin the Berk Program. We will have placed hundreds of thousands into this one person to get

not only their Performance Degree, but a University Degree only to have a competitor pick him up. It's not exactly a field with a high turnover in staff."

"My family is in Berk, Dr. Mildew."

"And my family in the Main Land. When it comes down to it, when looking for a job, he's not going to be picky where he will be." Mildew tossed his head back. "There are other students whose degrees end within two, three years top, followed by a contract placement in the company." He sneered at Toothless. The teen stiffened his back, not letting the few agreed nods affect his demure.

"I always wanted to work back with Haddock Industries, Sir." Toothless directed his gaze at the President of the Company. "Ever since I was a little boy. You needn't worry that your resources have been wasted."

"I'm not." The red-haired man murmured, green gaze on his companion. "Nor am I worried whether you'll work at a different company when you graduate. I cannot control where you go, we can only hope that you'll go somewhere."

The questions after came from all parties, questioning Toothless' merriment for the position. His marks were top of his class, he'd scored high on his exams, and he had excellent credentials outside the school. He was quizzed on his abilities by a secondary man - a Mr. Gobber - about his work on the XM-112.

Scratching his head nervously, Toothless admitted, "Her battery pack has been wasted since the last competition. It just occurred to me she hasn't flown since coming in second place. I suppose during the Summer Season I will probably take her out on a few test flights and modify the battery pack to work on solar energy. We are working on the XM-112 with the team, but we have stepped back to let the newer girls and boys work on their own theories this year."

"Ah, fine choice," Gobber chuckled.

"Well," Haddock hummed low into his own notes. "I believe we have everything we need for today. Thank you for coming in Mr. Fury."

Shaking each person's hands, Toothless ducked his head before the boisterous President. "No, thank you for taking the time and seeing me." He stopped at Mildew, nodding his head.

The room was quiet as he left the small room. In the seats, waiting for their appointment was another boy that Toothless vaguely recalled from his chemistry class. That wasn't too bad. He wanted to reassure the other boy, but it wasn't his place as he left the Administrative Office.

In his dorm room, he ducked out of his uniform with haste. His roommate had already packed up his own belongings, having thrown a fit for his immediate dismissal from the program only two days before. He was nowhere to be seen, but Toothless wasn't going to stay in that spot and wait. Reaching under his own mattress, he unboxed his XM-112 unit.

Its silver frame glistened bright, a fine vein of wires under a light circuit board positioned appropriately on its aft. A brush over the battery pack, just above the contact if found information, informed him there was enough charge for a few hours. "You might have saved me."

Dressed in his daily wear, enormous model under his arm, he left the school. Berk Forrest, nestled at the foot of the island forming mountain, was three bus routes away from the school. The population was dense the closer to those lands where the rich and famous of Berk typically stayed.

At his stop, Toothless took the scenic route off of the hiking course. To the west, closer to the housing district, was an open spot, sparse of trees. It provided enough altitude for previous flight runs in the past and as he moved, the cool breeze brushed past him.

Setting up the XM-112 Unit was instinctive. Its wiring had to be cross attached and the battery lit to life in seconds with the faintest of chimes. In his hand, the receiver lit green before flashing across its small screen a series of figures. After a few seconds a beep clicked over warning of low altitude.

"All right," Toothless settled back. It was like the competition all over again in his head. His two closest teammates standing next to him, the apprehension in the air. Will it work? Was all their hard work moot? Were the weather conditions correct? He licked his dry lips as the engine whirled to a start. The propellers - an above vehicle model unlike their more recent work - whirled to life. Lift took a few seconds until finally the XM-112 raised a fourth of a meter off the ground.

Its full capacity was at least a meter. It had been a prize feature, but the altitude affected the battery life. After the competition failure, Toothless had tweaked a few of the features, including the propeller strength. Come on. He eased the unit into a full circle, raising it an additional half meter. It whirled and cried until the wind picked it up higher and higher, well into the air.

In his hand, the receiver indicating the signal strength with a green flash. Still good.

He lost himself in the moment, letting the vehicle soar every direction, lowering and increasing its altitude with ease. The battery life remained constant, but that was only with the help of the air circulation. Toothless shifted again.

Another blast of sea wind came up the soaring hills, past the trees. Toothless scowled as his craft shifted left before regaining control. This is a safe area.

Another meter was met with a still a strong signal and battery life.

Toothless changed directions of the craft, trying to glide it along the ridges of trees as the reader collected air current data. A red light flashed only a second before a strong gust came into the open land. Above him the XM-112 lost control, spiraling into the tree line and over the side of the hill.

"Shit-!" Toothless ran over, slamming his thumb on the key reader. His receiver flashed green, but he didn't see the craft rise up. "Mother fucker!" He jumped over the ledge, sliding along the rocky lines and using trees to stop his fall. It was a slope guided with sporadic foliage until the ground disappeared into a deep ravine filled with tree life.

The signal turned red as the feedback screen read _disconnected_.

"No, no!" Toothless rushed along the ground, looking through the brush and trees for any sign of his RC Unit. _The team is going to fucking kill me!_ He dug through random trash he found along the area. His stomach flipped and he re-entered the main path nearly two hours later littered with bug bites and no Flight Model.

So much for a good day, he grumbled to himself as he entered his father's shop. Ulla, the greeter, smiled at him as he entered. Her thousand watt smile that seemed to be part of her features disappeared just as quickly as she moved to him.

"Did your interview not go well, Toothless?"

"What?" Toothless whispered, distracted.

"You look like my brother did when he failed out of Berk Academy last year. It's all right if you did, it's their loss. Toama went out to the Main Islands and joined their local university, he's testing out of all his required class so you'll be good as gold."

Toothless waved her off. "No, no. I don't think I did badly on the Interview. I mean, it looked like they were telling people if they were accepted or not there. They didn't _not_ accept me. No, no, I uh... shit..." He rubbed his dark hair, breaking his desired signature spikes. "Remember that model I took home from the competition last year?"

The greeter tilted her head, but nodded. "Yea, that helicopter thing."

"Flight Model."

"Whatever."

"But yeah, that. I just lost a project my group and I put thousands of our own cash into."

Ulla scratched her chin. "Now why did you go do something like that?"

Scowling at the woman (Ulla was as sweet as they came, but Toothless figured that as far as brains went, her brother took the good cells), the teen dropped his head. "Because I thought it would be funny."

"So, uh, what are you going to do?"

Now that was an interesting question. In all reality his crew wasn't going to be too upset that he'd lost the project since they were

going to be building a new model, they were, however, going to want the original model as a starting point for the new group. "Probably build a new base model over the summer month."

"Oh." Ulla frowned. "Is that going to cost a lot?"

"Mm. A bit." Toothless grumbled, taking a seat in the furthest spot in the restaurant where he could maybe hide from his father for a bit.

Gods, money. It would cost a pretty center, he scowled. He would have been able to afford the material to make the shell too, but if memory served it would cost an additional 250 that he had at one point.

"I'll probably have to crawl on my belly and beg forgiveness," he concluded to the woman. "Ulla, I'm avoiding my dad for a bit, think you can put in an order of the House Special in for me?"

The woman smiled. "You look like you need it." She left the area.

Stretching his legs out, Toothless dropped his head back.

Classes were out by the end of the week, he could maybe take a few more shifts at his father's shop. Maybe even offer his babysitting services to his mother's coworkers. No more random expenses over the next month, especially no pricey prostitutes (no matter how tight a particular one's ass was).

The bell over the restaurant's front door chimed with a loud, _Ching-ching_. Toothless pointedly ignored it. It wasn't like his school didn't know his father owned this place. He had tried hiding it when he first started school two years ago; it was a moot point now.

"Welcome to Night Fury Dining, table for one?" Ulla's preppy voiced echoed across the small shop.

"Um, no," A familiar voice sounded. Toothless rolled his tongue in his mouth. "I'm looking for someone in The Aerophysics Crew of Berk? I got hit by one of their toys."

Jumping up, Toothless pulled out of his bench. "That's me!" His voice snapped. "Oh, thank you! Thank you so mu-"

He froze as he stepped in front of his prostitute - no _his_ Hiccup and swallowed.

Shit.

5. Chapter 5

Saturday Night

>By: Selim
>Rating: M+

>Summary: Toothless has a problem â€“ a big one. About to enter his last year of school, it occurs to him he's the only virgin in his class. In hopes to rectify that, he stumbled upon

a number for a prostitute. One night is never so easy.

>Pairing: Human-Toothless/Slut?Hiccup

>Warnings: Language, Minors having Sex, Protected Sex, Unprotected Sex, Toys, Rimming, Oral Sex, Deep Throating, Frottage.

Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon. This is a piece of fiction and the author is making no monetary gain off its creation.

* * *

><p>"Hiccup. "</p>

Occasionally over the last few weeks, he had thought about Hiccup. He had embraced the memory of the other teen sprawled out on the double bed, legs spread wide and leaking across his belly. It had been the best food for his sex life in the late hours when he was stressing about his classes or his recent interview. As his hormones built once more, it had not been enough to warrant calling up the prostitute again.

With every day, he had started to think maybe that night had been a dream. Especially now as Hiccup stood nervously in front of him, the exact opposite of what he had been at that hotel. This Hiccup, while dressed equally as nicely, looked ready to pee himself. Big green eyes focused on the floor, hands gripping the XM-112 Model with a death grip. Maybe it was a twin?

"Toothless."

Nope. Toothless' luck wasn't that good. He'd just cashed it all in getting his model back. Taking a heavy breath, Toothless reached for his model, starting again, "I can't believe you found it, and I thought it was lost." He took the flightier from Hiccup's hand, holding it up in the light. The wiring in the nose was hanging out, probably from hitting Hiccup. It would take a few days to reprogram it. The wings had tilted up, which would need some soldering to fix. This biggest concern was the rudder. The piece the linked up to wireless control was completely gone. "Where did it land?"

Hiccup scratched at his chin. "It landed over by the Pearly Gates."

In Berk, the mansions that were owned by the high executive positions for Haddock Inc (and subsidized companies throughout the island) in a gated community. The slang term for the area was the Pearly Gates since it was supposed to be a heaven of sorts.

The question escaped him before he could stop it, "What were you doing by the Gates?"

Hiccup's looked away. "Had some work there," he murmured absently. "Look, I brought it back. I really shouldn't be wasting your time."

Behind him, Ulla gathered up dishes, taking them back into the kitchen to be cleaned. Besides that, the shop was strangely quiet

around them. "Wait, don't leave," He stumbled forward, grabbing Hiccup's wrist while easing the broken model under the hostess' station. Dragging Hiccup through the restaurant, he moved into the employee bathroom just off from the kitchens.

Hiccup cheeks were flush as Toothless locked the door. "Look, Toothless, maybe I lead you on the last time, but I'm not reallyâ€|"

"I can't believe," Toothless' started, "Of all of Berk, it was you who found it. I thought for sure my X-112 Model was a lost cause. Please, let me repay you somehow."

The flush spread up the boy's face. Eyes wide, Hiccup lowered his gaze. Under the darker haired teen's arm, he felt the slightest of tremors. "A simply thank you is enough, um, Toothless."

"You're such a pervert." Toothless flashes a bright smile. "I thought, maybe I could take you out to lunch or go out the window shop, or something."

"'Or something,'" Hiccup repeated as he wiggled his arm free from Toothless' hold. "One of us is a pervert and it certainly isn't me." Blushing, Toothless stepped back with the clearing of his throat into his fist. "An XM-112, you called it? I've never seen anything like that, to be honest. Did you design it?"

The actual interest was not lost on Toothless. "Um, did some of the design and a lot of the development." It really had been a team effort. He wasn't very good at the design portion of the planning, usually thinking for too many steps ahead to cover the nuances of the project. It was something he hoped to learn more his Third Year, especially if he were accepted back into the academy.

Hiccup leaned back against the door, a curious look on his face. "Maybe," He chewed on his bottom lip, "We can make an arrangement then, Toothless."

Toothless tilted his head to the side, beckoning Hiccup to continue.

"You wanted to call me again, didn't you?"The brunette smiled, a glance down where the tall-tale signs of Toothless' lust laid in wait. The dark haired student wasn't going to deny it. He had thought about calling Hiccup repeatedly, but he didn't have the two hundred to spend. The first time left a big enough hole in his savings account that he still counted his blessings that his father hadn't discovered the transaction â€" yet. "And if you had your way, you'd have me on my knees here, at your work."

The dark haired student nodded. No point on lying. If Hiccup were willing, he would so have the brunette on the ground in seconds, ears or no. This wasn't something he ever expected possible. "I wouldn't," He said confidently, "Say no."

Patting his cheek, Hiccup smiled. "Good, good. Tomorrow, on marker 4 of the Berk Trails leading to the Golden Gates is a pond enclosed by rocks. Be there at noon."

"I can't do that," Toothless gaped. "Dude, I have another week of

school before the summer months. And I know for a fact that the local public school has three more days of finals before they release."

Hiccup's expression reminded him very much of an owl. "You're still in school?"

"Uh, yeah? A, aren't you?" He tried.

With a dismissive flick of his wrist, Hiccup continued unabated. "So we meet after you finish your classes. Four. Be there or my prices go right back up with interest." He leaned back against the bathroom door with a playful smile. "I can understand if you're not there. No worries."

"No," Toothless hummed, "No, I'll be there."

Pleasant smile in place, Hiccup left the bathroom. Toothless watched with rapt interest as Hiccup left the restaurant. Ulla, again standing at her podium, waved her fingers at the boy before turning to Toothless. Returning to his own seat Toothless scowled into his chilled meal.

"Who in Berk was _that_?" She leaned across the table. "And can I have his number?"

"Isn't he a little young for you?" Toothless chided playfully.

"Is he?" Ulla glanced over her shoulder at the door. Hiccup was nowhere to be seen outside, even though the bus stop was only a few meters at best._Odd_, Toothless tilted his head in confusion. "Huh. Does he go to your school?"

"No." At least, Toothless had never seen Hiccup running around. Besides, with someone like that at school, Toothless would have been distracted much sooner. "I think he might be home schooled or something. Anyway, where's my dad?" Toothless took a bite of his sandwich.

"He's in the office, preparing the budget sheets again. The yearly meeting with the Academy is coming up, I remember how fucked up he was last year. Want me to finally let him know you're back from your interview?"

"No," Toothless chewed at the bread tiredly. "Leave something for us to discuss at the dinner table."

Ulla smiled before dismissing herself, walking out of the business floor. Falling into his meal, Toothless frowned. His father's recipes had never tasted like dust to his tongue.

"I'm going back to school." He dropped the food on the plate. "Tell Rainguard it was delicious, I've just lost my appetite." He moved to the hostess' station, gathering his XM-112 unit. "I'm sorry for the mess, Ulla."

"It's all right, Toothless." Ulla smiled. "Go relax. Tell me when you hear the good news?"

"Will do."

Storming back to the Academy, Toothless side stepped the student housing, bustling with life as students started coming back from nights out of town. There was definitely a decrease in students, many leaving the school already rejected from Third Year. With only a week of school, many just moved out and phoned in the last week. Others, still unsure where they stood with the school, held onto their beds until the papers came in.

In the basement of the Computer Technologies and Engineering was the IT department. It was under the tight control of Scrum Bark Rose, who had designed the computers controlling the school. Each student was given a tablet with Scrum Bark's mark. Only these computers were able to access to school's wireless network, which had been program exclusively for students. Even if the password had leaked, students often found their gaming device ineffective. Those that tried breaking the code often created new viruses such as the one that plagued the school the year before.

When Toothless had first met Scrum Bark, he had been nervous. The man was rumored to have thrown his own desktop at Stoick Haddock when he'd requested his computer's restrictions be removed. Student's at the beginning of the year left the room crying. These computers were Scrum Bark's friends. Asking for special privilege, a break in the code he yearly redefined was like insulting his mother.

Toothless had earned the right to be in that room, but even he barely knew the full code. He was able to upgrade computers for each student. "I need a favor."

"As I told that flat nosed brat — Snotlout — I'm not unlocking porn no matter who you are."

"Ch. No." Toothless settled on his swivel chair. A large pile of paperwork was settled next to Scrum Bark, new student applications for the older tablets. Lucky New Years always knew before the last school year was out that he or she was accepted. Toothless could count his blessing only that he had yet to have a rejection. "I almost have your code broken; soon my under the table Porn Hack Business shall be a reality." He cupped his hands and laughed mockingly.

Scrum Bark just shook his head. "What do you need, Toothless?"

"Do you have access to the school's student records?"

A raised busy eyebrow was followed. "Iâ€| do."

"Good, good." Toothless rolled over to the man's main computer. Some cartoon girl, oversized breasts and giant eyes, stared back at him ready for anything. "I need to look up the name Hiccup."

"Just Hiccup?" Scrum slid over, using the retina scan to log in. The program pulled up rapidly, thousands of names from the school's founding. On the side there was a picture from the student ID, program, and anticipated graduation. Toothless had played with the program many occasions while setting up student tablets. "No last name? No program? I mean, it's not a common name, but if I can't find him, I can't find him." He typed the name and hit the search key.

Toothless watched the scroll move, searching through the data banks. There was at least two known Hiccup's in the first three seconds of the wait, both having attended the school back in its early days. Neither of which were the boy Toothless was looking for. Within a few seconds, the search finished with no other names.

"Sorry, Toothless." Scrum Bark leaned back in his chair. "Anyway, it's a good thing you came in. I need help preparing the tablets and the Business department put in an order for a new statistics program that needs to be recoded to match my programming. We're going to be busy."

Putting his hand on the numerous requisition forms, Toothless hummed softly. _Economic Department, Business Department, Art Department â€“ "What's with all the departments wanting new supplies now? Did someone fork over big to get their little brat in?"

Chuckling, Scrum Bark shook his head. "Not yet, but the faculty and staff are in a frenzy. You know how Haddock Inc owns the school?" Toothless nodded. "Well apparently Stoick Haddock's son is going to be living in Berk for the next year. No one really knows much about this kid, but he's going to need to go to school and obviously he's going to be shoved into the best school on the island. All the departments are hoping that with the introduction of this kid that they're going to get a huge budget. Only the best for the King."

Toothless frowned. "Iâ€| didn't know Stoick Haddock had a child. I mean, the way Snotlout goes on, I thought that the most powerful man was alone."

"Oh yea, he's married too. Apparently, the kid lived with his mother somewhere else for years and only visited Berk during the holiday months. This year's going to be a pain in the ass if he really decides to attend. Snotlout's a pain in my ass already; can you imagine how spoiled rotten the child of the boss is going to be?" He pushed bangs from his face, shaking his head in exasperation. "So, who's this Hiccup that's got you in a state?"

The blush exploded across Toothless' face before he realized it. "Just, uh, someone I met a few weeks ago. I wasn't sure what school he attended. Kind of hoped that we had a record of him."

"Maybe he attends the other school?"

Lowering his head, Toothless smiled. "Yeah, you're right; he probably attends that other school. Anyway, I'll help you get these computers cleared out as repayment for you trying to help me."

* * *

><p>In the past Toothless had always liked school, but it seemed to go on endlessly that Monday. His finals in Mathematics was the slowest (albeit easiest), but his attention remained focused on the clock above the teacher's podium. Collar stiff and phone heavy in his pockets, he watched the seconds hand chase around the numbers. Endless, he wrote absently along the edge of his paper.</p>

He hadn't slept well the night before, too excited about today.

Finally, he'd get to see Hiccup again. He wanted to lay the boy out and drive his pulsing dick into that tight heat.

Licking his dry lips, Toothless scribbled out familiar code at the bottom, eyes forward. Click, click, click. Behind him, Snotlout was playing with his pen. Somewhere else, a person sneezed for the fifth time. Next to him, Meatlug was gnawing on his pencil having finished his exam in the first ten minutes, but not wanting to look like he'd truly given up first.

The bell chimed.

Finally! Toothless hot out of his seat, handing his exam to the instructor before leaving the classroom. A quick detour to his empty dorm room to change clothes, he rushed out the school gates.

He pointedly ignored Snotlout, taking up space at the school parking lot next to his nice new car. The bus stopped at the school after hours in fifteen minutes and would take a forty-five minute drive around the island. Another bus would then take the same trip until it returned within an hour to do the same trip until nightfall. Most of the students had already moved out of the dorms, a normal occurrence close to the end of the school year when they had received word of failure from the department.

It was quiet on the bus that took him up towards the mountains. From the window he could already see Hiccup, dressed in casual clothes and looking pleased with himself.

Climbing out of the bus, Toothless smiled at Hiccup as he took in the sight.

"Good!" Hiccup clapped his hands excitedly. "You came, for a second there I thought you were going to skip out. Good, good, follow me." He started into the woods. Behind him the buses air breaks puffed noisily before it left the station, making a turn at the furthest circle. Shaking his head, Toothless started into the wood line.

He found Hiccup up the unmarked path, along the edge of a cliff that overlooked the ocean. With a low whistle, Toothless approached the edge. He could almost imagine the mainland somewhere out there, with his grandparents. Hiccup raised his hand, testing the faint wind that came over them.

"How much do you weigh?"

"What?" Toothless twisted around.

Hiccup huffed. "Neither of us are chicks, cough it up, your weight."

Rolling his eyes Toothless clenched his jaw. "Seventy-three kilograms."

"It's that height," Hiccup shook his head. "Lucky for you I guessed right." He moved to his book bag, unzipping the pack. "I want your experience of what I am trying to make. It's a basic model right now." He pulled a large blue cloth out of the bag.

Toothless' wrist was clasped with a leather bracelet, a sturdy piece

spun into place to lock the system together. It wasn't too tight, but it wouldn't fall off his wrist. A similar clasp was attached to his foot on the same side, tying both arm and leg with fabric spread out in between. Holding his arm out, Toothless frowned at the sight. It looked like a bat wing.

Finishing with the other arm, Hiccup stood back up, approaching the edge of the cliff once more. Toothless joined him on the side. "So what exactly am I here for as repayment?"

Hiccup smiled up. "You created that XM-112 unit to fly, a no-man aircraft able to gather information as it travels. I also noticed that the span of the wings were capable of adjusting themselves to the wind increase so the item can fly and not glide."

"You," Toothless swallowed, "Noticed all that?" Hiccup had only had it for an hour â€“ two hours at best.

"Of course!" Hiccup flashed a wide smile. "Imagine my surprise to know that you could make something like that fly! I have to have the information; I need the help! I have the design in my head, the planning to create a craft that could fly one passenger, I just don't have the expertise to make this machine. Help me, Toothless."

"Help you? Help you with what?" Toothless watched Hiccup as the boy stood back up.

"Maybe it'll be better if you see what I want to do."

"See, what, what do you mean-ah!" The wind was suddenly flooding past his cheeks. Throwing his arms forward, Toothless screamed as the water came closer and closer. _He's insane!_ Tying cloth to his arms, talking about wanting to fly and notâ€|

Glide!

Toothless spread his arms out, locking his ankles together. Under him, wind caught the cloth, pushing it up and leveling his body. The speeds of which he was falling slowed until he was rolling down with the wind, towards the coast rather than cascading down into the water.

"Wee!"

Above him, Hiccup threw his body off the side of the cliff with more grace. Faster than Toothless, he caught wind, moving out to sea further than Toothless had before twisting back around. "Go to the shore!" He yelled over the gusting wind before coasting past Toothless.

As he moved over the water, Toothless glanced around. If he dipped forward, he would nosedive, but at the same time this was all surreal. _I'm flying!_ A smile broke across his face as he slid lower and lower, level with the water until he could no longer stay in the air.

Ahead of him, Hiccup glided onto the shore like a champion. Toothless gasped as he fell into the water, stuck.

Threading water, he kicked to keep his head afloat and waited,

already hearing Hiccup thread water to come over and grab him. Between the two of them, they were able to swim to shore.

Rolled out on his back, Toothless panted in the sun.
"You're fucking insane."

"You wouldn't believe how often I hear that," Hiccup giggled beside him. "Now you see, I'm limited. I can imagine a single person being able to fly with the birds, but when I don't have the skill to program mechanical wings, I'm always going to glide. Please, help me."

"What do you want me to do about this?" Toothless sat up, holding the soaked cloth.

"Between the two of us, we can make the second model." Hiccup pulled his body into the sitting position, playing with the cloth. "You can help me make this dream a reality. I will give you the credit that's due, all I ask is help."

"Do you know how much time a project like this would take?" He hissed.

"We have all our lives." Hiccup smiled. "Look, here's the deal, you help me make this and you can have me, any time, anywhere, as long as we're working on this project."

Toothless ran his hand through his wet hair. "No, you don't understand." He took a deep breath. "Hiccup, if I don't make it into Third Year at the Academy, I'm leaving. I haven't worked my ass off for two years to go the public school. My grandparents overseas will house me and I'll go to a private school out there until I move to university."

"That's the problem?" Hiccup blew a raspberry. "Come on, you made a complex unit and you're still a kid, you've got a placement!"

Snorting, Toothless stood up to clear the sand from his pants. "I could be the smartest guy in Berk, but they were clear that financially, I wasn't as interesting as one of the other boys." He rolled his eyes, silently cursing Snotlout. "And not only that. Do you know how much something like the XM-112 cost?"

"Don't worry!" Hiccup waved his hand again nonchalantly. "I can afford the cost."

"And I don't want to do it with dirty money," Toothless hissed.

That made Hiccup pause. "All money is dirty money," he exhaled and paused. "Look, Toothless, I will find honestly earned money to fund this project. You will get into the program. You will get sexed up. I will get my dream made. We all will get what we want."

"But, again, I might not be here come next school year."

"Then will burn that bridge when we get there. A trial period, of sorts." Hiccup clamored to his feet, unlocking Toothless' glider unit. "Just help me over the summer, but don't think will have to worry about anything."

Toothless frowned. "You swear the money will be earned honestly."

"I repeat no money is honest money."

"Fine," Toothless grumbled. "Thenâ€œ If I'm going to be fucking you for payment, I don't want you doing other people. That's what I want until we know where we will be for the new school year. Clear?"

Hiccup smiled. "Very well."

"No more selling yourself."

"Of course, wasn't planning to."

Shaking his head, Toothless held his hand out. "Fine."

With the tilt of his head, Hiccup took the proffered hand. "Good. Thenâ€œ we start working together this weekend. Come to the same hotel, same room on Friday and we'll hash out the details, figure where to go with the unit."

As Hiccup disappeared up the trees with his glider units and Toothless started down to the bus stop, it occurred to him that he hadn't been laid yet, but he was feeling very good about this deal. No, he realized as the bus pulled to the station and he still had no sign of Hiccup from the woods, he was feeling good about everything â€“ school, relationship and hobby.

End
file.